Ben: Ionson's Execration against VVLCAN.

With divers Epigrams by the same Author to severall Noble Personages in *this Kingdome.*

Never Published before.

LONDON:
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BRITISH
MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable THOMAS Lord WINDSOR, &c.

My LORD:

THE assurance the Author of these Poems received of his Worth from your Honour, in his life time, was not rather a marke of his desert, than a perfect demonstration of your Noble love to him: Which consideration, has rais'd my bold desire to assume pre-

sumption, to present these to your Honour, in the person of one deceased; the forme whereof somewhat dispersst, yet carry with them the Prerogative of truth to be Mr. *Ben: Jonsons*; and will so appeare to all, whose Eyes, and Spirits are rightly plac'd. You are (my Lord) a Person who is able to give value and true esteeme to things of themselves no lesse deserving: such were his, strong, and as farre transcendent ordinary imagination, as they are conformable to the sence of such who are of sound judgement: his Strenuous Lines, and sinewey Labours have rais'd such Piramydes to his lasting name, as shall out-last Time. And that these may, without any diminution to the glory of his greater Workes, enjoy the possession of publicke favour,

Dedicatory.

favour, (by your Honours permiſſion) I ſhall be glad by this ſmall Teſtimony account it a fit opportunity to aſſure your Honour, my Lord, that I am

Your moſt humble and affectionate Servant,

JOHN BENSON.

Imprimatur Matth.
Clay.

Decemb. 14.
1639.

Ben: Ionſon's Execration againſt Vulcan.

AND why to me this, (thou lame *god* of fire)
What have I done that might call on thine ire?
Or urge thy greedy flames, thus to devoure
So many my yeares labours in one houre!
I ne're attempted ought againſt thy life,
Nor made leſſe line of Love to thy looſe wife:
Or in remembrance of thy affront and ſcorne,
With clowns & tradeſmen kept thee cloſe in horn:
'Twas *Jupiter* that hurld thee head-long downe,
And *Mars* that gave thee a *Lanthorne* for a Crowne.
Was it becauſe thou wert of old dony'd,
By *Jove*, to have *Minerva* for thy Bride.

Ben: Jonſon's *Execration*

That ſince thou tak'ſt all envious care and paine,
To ruine every iſſue of her Braine?
Had I wrot *Treaſon* there, or *Hereſie*,
Impoſtures, *Witchcraft*, *Charmes*, or *Blaſphemy*,
I had deſerv'd then thy conſuming lookes,
Perhaps to have beene burned with my books:
But on thy Malice tell mee, didſt thou ſpye
Any leaſt looſe, or ſcurrill paper lye
Conceal'd, or kept there; that was fit to be,
By thy owne vote, a Sacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the honour of the Crowne?
Or taxe the glory of the Church, or Gowne?
Itch to defame the ſtate, or brand the Times,
And my ſelfe moſt in leaud ſelfe-boaſting *Rimes*?
If none of theſe, why then this fire? or find
A cauſe before, or leave me one behind.
Had I compil'd from *Amadis de Gaule*
Th'*Eſplandians*, *Arthurs*, *Palmerins*, and all
The learned Library of *Don Quixot*,
And ſo ſome goodlier Monſter had begot:
Or ſpunne out Riddles, or weav'd fifty Tomes
Of *Logogriphes*, or curious *Pallindromes*;
Or pump'd for thoſe hard trifles, *Anagrams*,
Or *Ecroſticks*, or your finer flames
Of Egges, and Halberds, Cradles and a Herſe,
A paire of ſizers and a Combe in verſe

Acro-

Acrosticks, and *Telles*ticks, or iumpe names,
Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
On such my serious follies: But thou'lt say,
There were some pieces of as base a Lay,
And as false stampe there: parcells of a play
Fitter to see the fire-light, than the day:
Adulterate Monyes, such as would not goe,
Thou shouldst have staid, till publick *fame* said so.
She is the *Judge*, thou *Executioner*:
Or if thou needs will trench upon her power,
Thou mightst have yet enioy'd thy cruelty,
With some more thirst and more variety!
Thou mightst have had me perish piece by piece,
To light Tobacco, or save roasted Geese,
Singe Capon, or crispe Pigge, dropping their eyes;
Condemn'd them to the Ovens with the Pies;
And so have kept me dying a whole age,
Not ravish'd all hence in a minuits rage:
But thats the mark whereof thy right doth boast,
To sow Consumption every where thou go'st.
Had I fore-knowne of this thy least desire,
I have held a triumph, or a feast of fire;
Especially in paper, that that steame
Had tickled thy large Nostrills, many a Reame,
To redeeme mine I had sent in; enough
Thou shouldst have cried, & all bin proper stuffe.

The *Talmond* and the *Alcaron* had come
With pieces of the Legend: the whole ſumme
Of Errant *Knight-hood*, with their *Dames* & *Dwarffs*,
The charmed *Boats*, and their inchanted *Wharfes*:
The *Triſteams*, *Lancelots*, *Turpins*, and the *Peeres*,
All the mad *Rowlands*, and ſweet *Olivers*,
VVith *Merlins Marvailes*, and his *Caballs Loſſe*,
VVith the *Chimera* of the *Roſie Croſſe*,
Their *Charmes*, their *Characters*, *Hermetticke Rings*,
Their Iems of *Riches*, and bright ſtone that brings
Inviſibility, and Strength, and Tongues,
The art of kindling the true Cole by Lungs.
VVith *Nicholas Paſquills*, meddle with your match,
And the ſtrong Lines that doe the times ſo catch:
On *Captaine Pamphlets* Horſe and Foot that ſalley,
Vpon the Exchange ſtill out of *Popes head* Alley,
The weekly *Currants*, with *Pauls Seale*, and all
The admir'd Diſcourſes of the Prophet *Baal*,
Theſe (hadſt thou pleas'd either to dine or ſup)
Had made a meate for *Vulcan* to lick up.
But in my Deske, what was there to excite
So ravenous and vaſt an appetite?
I dare not ſay a Body, but ſome parts
There were of ſearch and miſtery in the Arts:
And the old *Venuſine* in *Poetry*,
And lighted by the *Staggerite* could ſpy,

VVas

Was there made English, with a *Grammer* too,
To teach some that, their Nurses could not doe;
The purity of Language; and (among
The rest) my iourney into *Scotland* Sung,
With all the adventures: three Books not afraid
To speake the Fate of the *Sycilian* Maid
For our owne Ladies: And in story there
Of our fift *Henry*, eight of his nine yeare.
In which was Oyle, besides the suc cours spent,
Which Noble *Cotton*, *Carew*, *Selden* sent.
And twice twelve years *Stor'd-up-Humanity*,
And humble gleanings in *Divinity*,
After the Fathers; and those wiser guides,
Whom Factiou had not drawne to study sides.
How in these ruines *Vulcan* dost thou lurke:
All Soot and Embers, odious, as thy worke?
I now beginne to doubt, if ever grace,
Or goddesse could be patient at thy face.
Thou woe *Minerva*, or to wit aspire,
'Cause thou canst halt with us in Art and Fire.
Sonne of the Winde; for so thy Mother gone
With Lust conceiv'd thee, Father thou hadst none:
When thou wert born, & that thou look'st at best:
She durst not kisse, but flung thee from her breast.
And so did *Jove*, when neare meant thee his cup:
No mar'le the Clowns of *Lemnos* took thee up.

For none but *Smiths* would have made thee a *god*,
Some *Alchimiſt* there may be yet, or odde:
Squire of the Squibs againſt the Pageant day,
May to thy Name a *Vulcanale* ſay,
And for it loſe his eyes by Gun-powder,
As the other may his braines by Quick-ſilver:
Well fare the wiſe men yet on the Banks-ſide,
(Our friends the *VVatermen*) they could provide
Againſt thy fury, when to ſerve their needs,
They made a *Vulcan* on a ſheafe of *Reeds*.
VVhom they durſt handle in their holy day coats,
And ſafely truſt to dreſſe, not burn their boats:
But oh theſe *Reeds*, thy meere diſdaine of them,
Made thee beget that cruell ſtratagem:
(Which ſome are pleas'd to ſtile but thy *mad prank*)
*A*gainſt the Globe, the glory of the banke,
VVhich though it were the Fort of the whol *pariſh*,
Fenc'd with a Ditch and forkt out of a Mariſh:
I ſaw with two poore Chambers taken in, (bin.
And rais'd ere thought could urge: this might have
See the worlds ruines, nothing but the piles.
Left, and wit ſince to covet it with tiles
The Brethren they ſtraight nois'd it out for newes,
'Twas verily ſome Relique of the Stewes:
And this a ſparkle of that fire let looſe,
That was rak'd up: the *Winchеſtrian* Gooſe

Bred

Bred on the Banke in time of Popery,
When *Venus* there maintain'd the mistery:
But others fell with that conceite by th' eares,
Twas verily a threatning to the Beares;
And that accursed ground, the *Paris Garden*:
Nay, (sigh'd a sister) 'twas the Nun *Kate Arden*
Kindled the fire: but then did one returne;
No foole would his owne Harvest spoile, or burn;
If that were so, thou rather wouldst advance
The place that was thy wives inheritance.
O no, cryed all, *Fortune* for being a whore,
Scapt not his *Iustice* any iot the more.
He burnt that *Idoll* of the *Revells* too:
Nay let *White-hall* with *Revells* have to doe,
Though but in Dances) it shall know thy power,
There was a iudgement too shew'd in an houre;
He was right *Vulcan* still, hee did not spare
Troy, though it were so much thy *Venus* care:
Foole wilt thou let that in example come?
Did she not save from thence to build a *Rome*?
And what hast thou done in these petty spights,
More then advanc'd the horses and their Rites,
I will not argue thee from them of guilt,
For they were burnt but to be better built:
'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
Which thou hast onely vented, not enioy'd.

So

So wouldſt th' have run upon the *Rolet* by ſtealth,
And didſt invade part of the Common-wealth:
In thoſe *Records* (which were our *Chroniclers* gone)
VVould be remembred by ſixe Clerkes to one,
But ſay all ſixe good men, what anſwer yee,
Lies there no *Writ* out of the *Chancerie*
Againſt this *Vulcan*? no *Iniunction*?
No *Orders*? no *Decree*? though we be gone
At Common Law, me thinkes in his diſpight,
A Court of Equity ſhould doe us right.
But to confine him to the Brew-houſes,
The Glaſſe-houſe, Die-fates, and their Furnaces:
To live in Sea-coale, and goe out in Smoake,
Or leaſt that vapour might the City choake,
Confine him to ſome Brickhills, or ſome Hill-
Foote out in *Suſſex* to an *Iron-Mill*:
Or in ſmall Faggots have him blaze about,
Vile Tavernes, and the Drunkards piſſe him out:
Or in the Bell-mans Lanthorne, like a ſpye,
Waſte to a ſnuffe, and then ſtinke out and dye:
I could invent a ſentence yet more worſe,
But i'le conclude all in a civill curſe:
Poxe on your flame-ſhip (*Vulcan*) if it be
To all as fatall as t'hath beene to me;
And to *Pauls* Steeple, which had beene to us
'Bove all your fire-workes: had not *Epheſus*,

Or

Or *Alexandria*, which though a Divine
Losse yet remaines as unrepaird as mine:
Would you had kept your forge at *Ætna* still,
And there made *swords, bills, glaves,* & *arms* your fill;
Maintain'd a trade at *Bilbo*, or elsewhere,
Struck in at *Millane* with the Cutlers there:
Or stai'd where the Fryer and you first met,
That from the Devills Ars did Gunnes beget:
Or fixt in the Low Countries, where you might
On both sides doe your mischiefs with delight:
Blow up and ruine, Mine, and Counter-mine,
Vse your *Petarres*, and *Granats*, all your fine
Engines of Murther, and inioy the praise
Of massacring Man-kind so many wayes:
We aske your absence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruits thereof and the increase,
So doth the King, and most of the Kings men,
That have good places: therefore once agen
Poxe on thee *Vulcan*; thy *Pandora's* Pox,
And all the ills that flew out of her Box
Light on thee: or if those plagues will not doe,
Thy wives pox take thee, and *Bess Braughtons* too.

Ben: Ionson.

Upon King CHARLES his Birth-day.

THis is King Charles his birth day, speak it the Tower
Vnto the Ships, and they from Tire to Tire,
Discharging 'bout the Iland in an houre,
As loud as Thunder, and as swift as fire.

Let Ireland meet it out at Sea halfe way,
Repeating all Great Brittaines ioy and more,
Adding her owne glad accents to this day,
Like eccho playing from another shore.

What Drums, or Trumpets, or great Ordnance can,
The Poetry of Steeples with the Bells.
Three Kingdomes mirth in light and ayery man,
Made loftier by the windes all noyses els.

At Bone-fires, Squibs, and mirth, with all their shouts,
That cry the gladnesse which their hearts would pray
If they had leasure, at these lawfull routs,
The often comming of this Holy day:
And then noyse forth the burthen of their song.
Still to have such a Charles, but this Charles long.

B. Jonson.

To

Epigrams.

To the Queene on her Birth-day.

VP publicke ioy, remember
The ſixeteenth of *November*
Some brave uncommmon way.
And though the pariſh Steeple
Be ſilent to the people,
Ring thou it Holy day.

What though the thirſty Towre,
And Guns there ſpare to powre
Their noyſes out in thunder:
As fearefull to awake
The City, as to ſhake
Their guarded Gates aſunder.

Yet let the Trumpets ſound,
And ſhake both aire and ground
With beating of their Drums:
Let every Lire be ſtrung,
Harpe, Lute, Theorbo ſprung
With touch of learned thumbs,

That when the Quire is full,
The harmony may pull
The *Angels* from their Spheares:
And each intelligence,
May wiſh it ſelfe a ſence,
Whilſt it the Ditty heares.

Behold the royall *Mary*,
The daughter of great *Harry*,
And ſiſter to iuſt *Lewis*,
Comes in the pompe and glory
Of all her Fathers ſtory,
And of her brothers Prowis.

She ſhewes ſo farre above
The feigned Queen of *Love*;
This Sea-girt ground upon,
As here no *Venus* were
But that ſhe reigning here,
Had put the Ceſton on.

See, ſee our active King,
Hath taken twice the Ring
Vpon the poynted Lance,
VVhilſt all the raviſh't rout
Doe mingle in a ſhout,
Hey for the flower of *France*.

Epigrams.

This day the Court doth measure
Her ioy in state and pleasure:
And with a reverend feare,
The revells and the play
Make up this Crowned day
Her one and twenty yeare.

B. Ionson.

On the Princes Birth-day.
An Epigram.

ANd art thou borne, brave Babe, blest be thy birth,
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring on earth;
The bed of the chaste Lilly *and the* Rose,
What month than May *was fitter to disclose*
This Prince of flowers? soone shoot thou up, and grow
The same that thou art promis'd; but be slow,
And long in changing: let our Nephews see
Thee quickly come, the gardens eye to be,
And still to stand so: Haste now envious Moone,
And interpose thy selfe, care not how soone,
And threat the great Eclips two houres but runne,
Sol *will reshine, if not,* Charles *hath a Sonne.*

Non Displicuisse meretur
Festinat Cæsar, qui placuisse tibi.

B. Ionson.

Ano-

Another on the Birth of the Prince.

ANother Phœnix, though the first is dead,
A second's flowne from his immortall bed,
To make this our *Arabia* to be
The nest of an eternall progeny.
Choise Nature fram'd the former but to finde
What error might be mended in Man-kinde:
Like some industrious workman, which affect
Their first endeavours onely to correct;
So this the building, that the modell was,
The type of all that now is come to passe:
That but the shadow, this the substance is,
All that was but the prophesie of this:
And when it did this after-birth fore-runne,
'Twas but the morning starre unto this Sunne;
The dawning of this day, when *Sol* did think
We having such a light, that he might wink,
And we ne're misse his lustre: nay so soone
As *Charles* was borne, he and the pale-fac'd Moon
With envy then did copulate, to try
If such a Birth might be produc'd i'th sky.

What

Epigrams.

What Heavenly favour made a ſtarre appeare,
To bid wiſe Kings to doe their homage here,
And prove him truely Chriſtian? long remain
On Earth, ſweet *Prince*, that when great *Charles* ſhal (reign
In Heaven above, our little *Charles* may be
As great on Earth, becauſe as good as he.

B. Jonſon.

A Paralell of the Prince to the King.

SO Peleus *when he faire* Thetis *got,*
As thou thy Sea-Queene; *ſo to him ſhe brought*
A bleſſed Babe, as thine hath done to thee:
His worthieſt prov'd of thoſe times, ours may be
Of theſe; his had a Pallas *for his guide,*
Thy wiſedome will as well for ours provide:
His Conquered Countries, Cities, Caſtles, Towers,
A worthy fee; hereafter ſo may ours.
His all his time, but once Patroclus *findes,*
But this of ours a world of faithfull friends:
He's vulnerable in no place but one,
And this of ours (we hope) be hurt of none.
His had his Phœnix, ours no teacher needs,
But the example of thy Life and Deeds.

His

Epigrams.

His Nestor *knew, in Armes his fellow was,*
But not in yeares, (too soone runne out his Glasse)
Ours, though not Nestor *knew, we trust, shall bee*
As wise in Armes, as old in yeares as hee.
His after Death had Homer *his reviver:*
And ours may better merit to live ever,
By Deeds *farre-passing: but (oh sad dispaire)*
No hope of Homer, *his wit left no heire.*

B. Jonson,

An Elegy on the Lady Jane Paulet, *Marchioness of* Winchester.

What goodly Ghost besprint with *Aprill* dew,
Halls me so solemnly to yonder Yeugh?
And beckoning wooes me from the fatall *tree*,
To plucke a *Garland* for her selfe, or me.
I doe obey you beauty; for in death
You seeme a faire one; O that I had breath
To give your shade a name! stay! stay! I feele
A horror in me, all my blood is steele

Stiffe

Stiffe ſtark; my ioynts 'gainſt one another knock:
Whoſe daughter? ha? great *Savage* of the *Rock*!
He's good, as great! I am almoſt a ſtone,
And ere I can aske more of her ſhe's gone!
Alas I am all Marble: write the reſt,
Thou wouldſt have written *fame* upon my breaſt,
It is a large faire Table, and a true,
And the diſpoſure will be ſomewhat new:
When I who would her Poet have become,
At leaſt may beare th'inſcription to her Tombe:
She was the Lady *Jane*, and Marchioneſſe
Of *Wincheſter*, the Heralds can tell this:
Earle *Rivers* grand-child, ſerve not titles, Fame
Sound thou her vertues, give her ſoule a name.
Had I a thouſand mouths, as many tongues,
And voyce to raiſe them from my braſen Lungs,
I durſt not aime at, the Dotes thereof were ſuch,
No Nation can expreſſe how much
Their Charact was: I or my trump muſt breake,
But rather I, ſhould I of that part ſpeake,
It is too neare of kin to God the ſoule
To be deſcrib'd, Fames fingers are too foule
To touch thoſe miſteries; we may admire
The heate and ſplendor, but not handle fire:
What ſhe did by great example well,
T'inlive poſterity, her fame may tell;

And calling truth to witneſſe, make it good
From the inherint graces in her blood.
Elſe who doth prayſe a perſon by a new,
But a feign'd way doth ſpoyle it of the true:
Her ſweetneſſe, ſoftneſſe, her faire courteſie,
Her wary guards, her wiſe ſimplicity,
Were like a ring of vertues 'bout her ſet,
And Piety the center where all met:
A reverend ſtate ſhe had, an awfull eye,
A darling, yet inviting Maieſty;
VVhat Nature, Fortune, Inſtitution, Fact,
Could heape to a perfection, was her act:
How did ſhe leave the *world*, with what contempt?
Iuſt as ſhe in it liv'd, and ſo exempt
From all affection: when they urg'd the Cure
Of her diſeaſe, how did her ſoule aſſure
Her ſufferings, as the Body had bin away:
And to the torturers her Doctors ſay,
Sticke on your Cupping-glaſſes, feare not, put
Your hotteſt Cauſticks to burne, lance, or cut:
Tis but a body which you can torment,
And I into the world, with my ſoule was ſent.
Then comforted her Lord, and bleſt her ſonne,
Chear'd her faire ſiſters in her race to runne.
VVhich gladneſſe temper'd her ſad parents teares,
Made her friends ioyes to get above their feares.

And

And in her laſt act taught the ſtanders by,
With admiration and applauſe to dye:
Let *Angels* ſing her glories, who did call
Her *ſpirit* home to her originall,
That ſaw the way was made it, and were ſent
To carry and conduct the complement
Twixt death and life: where her mortality
Became her birth-day to eternity!
And now through circumfuſed lights ſhe lookes
On Natures ſecrets there as her owne bookes;
Speakes heavens language, and diſcourſes free
To every *Order*, every *Hierarchy*.
Beholds her Maker, and in him doth ſee
VVhat the beginning of all beauties be,
And all beatitudes that thence doth flow,
VVhich the Elect of God are ſure to know.
Goe now her happy parents and be ſad,
If yee not underſtand what child you had;
If you dare quarrell heaven, and repent
To have paid againe a bleſsing was but lent,
And truſted ſo as it depoſited lay
At pleaſure to be cald for every day.
If you can envy your owne daughters bliſſe;
And wiſh her ſtate leſſe happy than it is;
If you can caſt about your either eye,
And ſee all dead here, or about to dye.

The Stars that are the iewells of the night,
The day deceasing with the Prince of light
The Sun. Great Kings & mightiest kingdoms fal,
VVhole nations; nay, man-kind, the world, & all
That ever had beginning to have end;
VVith what iniustice can one soule pretend
T'escape this common knowne necessity,
VVhen we were all borne we beganne to dye:
And but for that brave contention and strife,
The Christian hath t'enioy a future life;
He were the wretched'st of the race of men,
But as he soares at that, he bruiseth then
The Serpents head; gets above Death and Sinne,
And sure of heaven rides triumphing in.

B. Jonson.

ODE PINDARICK
On the the Death of Sir *Hen. Morison.*

BRave Infant of Saguntum *cleare,*
Thy comming forth in that great yeare,
When the prodigious Hanibal *did Crowne*
His rage, with razing your immortall Town.

Thou

Epigrams.

Thou looking then about,
Ere thou wert halfe got out:
Wise Child didst hastily returne,
And madst thy Mothers wombe thine Vrne,
How sum'd a Circle didst thou leave mankind,
Of deepest lore could wee the center find.

The Counter-turne.

Did wiser Nature draw thee backe,
From out the horrour of that sack?
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right
Lay trampled on the deeds of death and night.
Vrg'd, hurried forth, and hurld
Vpon th' affrighted world:
Sword, fire, famine, with full fury met,
And all on utmost ruine set:
As could they but lives miseries fore-see,
No doubt all Infants would returne like thee.

The Stand.

For what is Life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the Act?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
Above his Fact?

Here's

Here's one out-liv'd his Peeres,
And told forth foureſcore yeeres,
He vexed time, and buſied the whole State,
Troubled both foes and friends,
But ever to no ends:
What did this ſtirrer but dye late?
How well at twenty had he falne or ſtood,
For three of his foureſcore he did no good.

The Turne.

He entred well by vertuous parts,
Got up and thriv'd with honeſt Arts,
He purchas'd friends, and fame, and honors then,
And had his Noble Name advanc'd with men.
But weary of that flight,
He ſtoop'd in all mens ſight
To ſordid flatteries, acts of ſtrife,
And ſunke in that dead Sea of life
Too deepe: as he did then Deaths waters ſup,
But that the Corke of Title Boy'd him up.

The Counter-turne.

Alas but Moriſon *fell young;*
He never fell, thou tripſt my tongue:

He

Epigrams.

He stood a Souldier to the last night end,
A perfect Patriot, and a noble friend.
But most a vertuous Sonne,
All offices were done
By him so ample, full, and round,
In weight, and measure, number sound,
As though his Age imperfect might appeare,
His life was of Humanity the Spheare.

The Stand.

Goe now and tell out dayes, summ'd up with fears,
And make them yeares:
Produce thy masse of miseries on the Stage,
To swell thine Age,
Repeate of things a throng,
To shew thou hast beene long,
Not liv'd: for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done, and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are how well:
Each sillib' answer'd, and was formed how faire;
These make the lines of life, and that's her aire.

The Turne.

It is not growing, like a Tree,
In bulke, doth make man better be,

Or ſtanding long an Oake, three hundued yeare,
To fall a log at laſt, dry, bald, and ſeare:
A Lilly of a day,
Is fairer farre in May,
Although it fall and dye at night,
It was the plant and flower of light;
In ſmall proportions we iuſt beauty ſee,
And in ſhort meaſures life may perfect be.

The Counter-turne.

Call Noble Lucius *then for wine,*
And let thy looks with gladneſſe ſhine,
Accept this Garland, plant it on thy head,
And thinke, nay know thy Moriſon's *not dead:*
He leap'd the preſent age,
Poſſeſt with holy rage,
To ſee the bright eternall day,
Of which we Prieſts and Poets ſay
Such truths as wee expect for happy men,
And there he lives with memory; and Ben

The Stand.

Ionſon! *who ſung this of him e're he went*
Himſelfe to reſt,
Or taſte a part of that full ioy he meant
To have expreſt,

In this bright Asterisme,
Where it was friendships schisme,
Were not his Lucius *long with us to tarry,*
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri,
And keepe the one halfe from his Harry;
But Fate doth so alternate the designe,
While that in heaven, this light on earth must shine.

The Turne.

And shine as you exalted are,
Two names of friendship, but one starre
Of hearts the union: and those not by chance,
Made or indentur'd, or leas'd out to advance
The profits for a time,
No pleasures vaine did chime
Of Rimes, or ryots at your feasts,
Argues of Drinke, or feign'd protests,
But simple Love, of greatnesse and of good,
That knits brave minds, and manners more than blood.

The Counter-turne.

This made you first to know the why
You lik'd: then after to apply

That likening; and approach so one to th'other,
Till either grew a portion of the other,
Each stiled by his end,
The coppy of his friend;
You liv'd to be the great sirnames,
And titles by which all made claimes
Vnto the vertue: nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary or a Morison.

The Stand.

And such a force the faire example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a Law
Was left yet to man-kind,
Where they might read, and find
Friendship indeed was written not in words:
And with the Heart, not Pen,
Of two so earely men,
Whose Lines her Rowles were, and records
Who e're the first downe; bloomed on the Chin,
Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest in.

B. Jonson.

To *Hierome* Lord *Weston* vpon his returue *from his Embassy.*

SVch pleasures as the teeming earth
Doth take in easie Natures birth,
When she puts forth the life of every thing,
And in a dew of sweetest raine,
She lyes deliver'd without paine,
Of the prime beauty of the yeare and spring.

That Rivers in their shores doe runne,
The Clouds racke cleare before the Sunne,
The rudest winds obey the calmest aire;
Rare plants from every banke doe rise,
And every plant the fence surprise,
Because the order of the whole is faire.

The very verdure of her nest,
VVherein she sits so richly drest,
As all the wealth of season there were spread,
Have shew'd the graces and the houres,
Have multiply'd their arts and powers,
In making soft her stromatick bed.

Such ioyes, such ſweets doth your returne,
Bring all your friends, faire Lord, that burne
With ioy to heare your modeſty relate
The buſineſſe of your blooming wit,
With all the fruits that follow it,
Both to the honour of the King and ſtate.

O how will the Court be pleas'd,
To ſee great CHARLES of travell eas'd,
When he beholds a graft of his owne hand,
Spring up an *Olive*, fruitfull, faire,
To be a ſhadow of the Aire;
And both a ſtrength and beauty to the Land.

B. I.

To the right Honourable the L. *Treaſurer.*

An Epigram.

IF to my mind, great Lord, I had a ſtate,
I would preſent you with ſome curious Plate
Of *Norimberg*, or *Turkie* hang your rooms,
Not from the *Arras*, but the *Perſian* Looms.
I would (if price or prayer) could them get
Send in what or *Romano*, *Tintaret*,

Titian

Titian, or *Raphaell*, *Michaell Angelo*,
Have left in Fame to equall, or out-goe
The old Greeke hands, in picture, or in ſtone,
This would I doe, could I thinke *VVeſton* one
Catch'd with theſe Arts, wherein the *Iudge* is wiſe,
As farre as ſence, and onely by his eyes.
But you I know, my Lord, and know you can
Diſcerne betweene a Statue, and a man:
Can doe the things that Statue doe deſerve,
And act the buſineſſe which theſe paint or carve.
What you have ſtudied are the Arts of Life,
To compoſe men and manners, ſtint the ſtrife
Of froward Citizens; make Nations know,
What world of Bleſsings to good Kings they owe;
And mightieſt Monarchs feele what large increaſe
Of Fame and Honour you poſſeſſe by peace.
Theſe I looke up at with a meaſuring eye,
And ſtrike Religion in the ſtanders by.
Which, though I cannot, like as an Architect,
In glorious Piles and Pyramides erect
Vnto your Honour; *I* can voyce in ſong
Aloud; and (haply) it may laſt as long.

B. Ionſon.

To Mr. *Ionson* upon these Verses.

YOur Verses were commended, as 'tis true,
That they were very good, I meane to you:
For they return'd you Ben *I have beene told,*
The seld seene summe of forty pound in gold.
These Verses then, being rightly understood,
His Lordship, not Ben: Ionson, *made them good.*

I. E.

To my Detractor.

MY Verses were commended, thou didst say,
And they were very *good*; yet thou thinkst nay.
For thou obiectest, as thou hast beene told,
Th'envy'd returne of forty pound in gold.
Foole do not rate my rimes, I have found thy vice
Is to make cheap the Lord, the Lines the Price:
But bark thou on; I pitty thee poore Cur, (stur,
That thou shouldst lose thy noise, thy foame, thy
To be knowne what thou art, thou blatent beast;
But writing against me, thou thinkst at least

I now

I now would write on thee: no wretch, thy name
Cannot worke out unto it such a Fame:
No man will tarry by thee as he goes
To aske thy name, if he have halfe a nose;
But flye thee like the Pest. Walke not the streete
Out in the Dog-dayes, least the Killer meet
Thy Noddle with his Club; and dashing forth
Thy dirty brains, men see thy want of worth.

B. Jonson.

To *William* Earle of *New-Castle* on the Backing of his Horse.

WHen first, my Lord, I saw you backe your Horse,
Provoke his mettle, and command his force
To all the uses of the field and race,
Me thought I read the ancient Art of Thrace,
And saw a Centaure past those tales of Greece;
So seem'd your Horse and You, both of a peece:
You shew'd like Perseus *upon* Pegasus,
Or Castor *mounted on his* Cillarus:
Or what we heare our home-borne Legend tell,
Of bold Sir Bevis, *and his* Arundell,

And

And ſo your ſeate his beauties did endorſe,
As I began to wiſh my ſelfe a horſe.
And ſurely had I but your Stable ſeene
Before, I thinke my wiſh abſolv'd had beene:
For never ſaw I yet the Muſes dwell,
Nor any of their Houſhold halfe ſo well.
So well! as when I ſaw the floore and roome,
I look'd for Hercules *to be the Groome.*
And cry'd away with the Cæſarian *Bread,*
At theſe immortall Mangers Virgil *fed.*

B. Jonſon.

To *William* Earle of *New-Caſtle.*
An Epigram on his Fencing.

THey talke of Fencing, and the uſe of Armes,
The Art of urging, and avoyding harmes;
The Noble Science, and the Maſtring skill,
Of making iuſt approaches, how to kill,
To hit in Angles, and to claſh with time,
As all defence, or offence, were a chime.
I hate this meaſur'd: give me metled fire,
That trembls i'th' blaze, but then mounts higher,

A ſwift and darling motion, when a paire
Of men doe meete like rarified aire:
Their weapons darted with that flame and force,
As they out-did the lightning in the courſe:
This were a ſpectacle, a ſight to draw
Wonder to valour: no, it is a Law
Of daring, not to doe a wrong: tis true,
Next to diſpiſe it being done to you:
To know all heads of danger; where 'tis fit
To bend, to breake, provoke, or ſuffer it:
And this my Lord is valour: this is yours,
And was your Fathers, and your Anceſtors;
Who durſt live great, when *death* appear'd, or *bands*,
And valiant were with, or without, their hands.

B. Jonſon.

To Sir *Kenelme Digby.*

An Epigram.

THough happy Muſe thou know my *Digby* wel,
Yet take him in theſe Lines: he doth excell
In Honours, Courteſie, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or man would call his Arts:

He's prudent, valiant, iuſt, and temperate,
In him all action is beheld in ſtate.
And he is built, like ſome Imperiall roome,
For thoſe to dwell in, and be ſtill at home.
His breaſt is a brave Pallace, a broad ſtreet,
Where all Heroicke ample thoughts doe meet;
Where Nature ſuch a large ſurveigh hath tane,
As others ſoules, to his, dwell in a lane:
Witneſſe his birth-day, the eleventh of *June*,
And his great action done at *Scanderoone*.
That day; which I predeſtin'd am to ſing,
For *Brittains* honour, and to *Charles*, my King:
Goe Muſe in, and ſalute him, ſay he be
Buſie, or frowne at firſt, when he ſees thee,
He will chear up his fore-head, think thou bring'ſt
Good Fortune to him in the Note thou ſing'ſt:
For he doth love my Verſes, and will looke
Vpon them, next to *Spencers* Noble Booke;
And praiſe them too: O what a Fame 'twill bee?
What reputation to my Lines and me,
When he doth read them at the *Treaſurers* board,
The knowing *Weſton*, and that learned Lord
Allowes them? then what Coppies will be had?
What tranſcripts made? how cri'd up, & how glad
Wilt thou be Muſe, when this ſhal then befall,
Being ſent to one, they will be read of all.

B. Ionſon. His

His Mistresse Drawne.

SItting, and ready to be drawne,
What make these Velvets, Silks, and Lawne?
Imbroderies, Feathers, Fringe, and Lace,
When every Limbe takes like a face?
Send these suspected helps to aide,
Some forme defective, and decai'd:
This beauty without falsehood faire,
Needs nought to cloath it but the Aire:
Yet something to the Painters view,
Were fitly interposed, so new
He shall (if he can understand)
Worke by my fancy with his hand.
Draw first a Cloud, all save her necke,
And out of that make day to breake:
Till like her face it doe appeare,
And men may thinke all light rose there.
Then let the beames of that dispersse
The Cloud, and shew the Universe:
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather it adore than spye:

Epigrams.

The Heavens design'd, draw next a Spring,
With all that youth, or it may bring:
Foure Rivers, branching forth like seas,
And Paradise confin'd in these.
Last draw the Circle of this Globe,
And let there be a starry Robe
Of Constillations 'bout her hurl'd,
And thou hast painted beauties world.
But Painter see you doe not sell
A Coppy of this Piece, nor tell
VVhose 'tis: but if it favour finde,
Next sitting wee will draw her minde.

B. Jonson.

Her Minde.

PAynter y'are come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This worke I can performe alone,
And give you reasons more than one,
Not that your Art I doe refuse,
But here I may no Colours use;

Besides

Beſides your hand will never hit
To draw the thing that cannot ſit.
You could make ſhift to paint an eye,
An Eagle towring in the skye,
A Sun, a Sea, a Sandleſſe pit,
And theſe are like a Minde, not it.
No, to expreſſe this Mind to ſence,
Would aske a heavens intelligence,
Since that nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kinne to whence it came:
Sweet mind, then ſpeak your ſelf, and ſay
As you goe on, by what brave way,
Our ſence you doe with knowledge fill,
And yet remaine our wonder ſtill.
I call you Muſe, now make it true,
Hence forth may every line be you,
That all may ſay that ſee the frame,
This is no Picture, but the ſame:
A mind ſo pure, ſo perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine,
And ſo diſdaining any tire,
'Tis got where it can trye the fire.
There (high exalted in the Spheare,
As it another Nature were)
It moveth all, and makes a flight,

As circular as infinite,
Whoſe Notions when it would expreſſe
In ſpeech, it is with that exceſſe,
Of grace and muſick to the eare,
As what it ſpake it planted there.
The voyce ſo ſweet, the words ſo faire,
As ſome ſoft chime had ſtrok'd the ayre,
And though the ſound were parted thence,
Still left an Eccho in the ſence,
But that a minde ſo rapt ſo high,
So ſwift, ſo pure ſhould yet apply
It ſelfe to us, and come ſo nigh
Earths groſſeneſſe, there's the how, and why?
Is it becauſe it ſees us dull
And ſtuck in Clay here, it would pull
Vs forth by ſome Cœleſtiall ſlight,
Vp to her owne ſublimed height?
Or hath ſhee here upon the ground,
Some Paradiſe or Pallace found
In all the bounds of Beauty fit
For her t'inhabite? there is it.
Thrice happy houſe that haſt receite,
For this ſo ſoftly forme, ſo ſtraite,
So poliſh'd, perfect, and ſo even,
As it ſlid moulded out of Heaven.

Not

Not ſwelling like the Ocean proud,
But ſtooping gently as a Cloud,
As ſmooth as Oyle powr'd forth, and calme
As ſhowres, and ſweet as drops of Balme,
Smooth, ſoft, and ſweet, and all a flood,
Where it may runne to any good,
And where it ſtayes it there becomes,
A neſt of odours, ſpice, and gummes.
In action winged as the Wind;
In reſt like ſpirits left behind,
Vpon a Banke or field of flowres,
Begotten by the wind and ſhowers,
In the faire manſion let it reſt,
Yet know with what thou art poſſeſt,
Thou entertaining in thy breaſt,
But ſuch a minde mak'ſt God a Gueſt.

B. Ionſon.

Sir

Sir *WILLIAM BVRLASE*
The Painter, to the Poet.

TO Paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but Painter, halfe like thee a Poet,
Ben: *I would shew it.*

But in this Art, my unskilfull Pen will tire;
Thou, and thy worth, will still be found farre higher,
And I a lyer.

Then what a Painter's here? and what an eater
Of great attempts? whereas his skill's no greater,
And he a Cheater.

Then what a Poet's here, whom by Confession
Of all with me, to Paint without digression,
There's no expression.

Ben:

An Epigram to the Queens Health.

HAyle *MARY*, full of grace, it once was ſaid,
And by an Angel, to the Bleſſed Maid,
The Mother of our Lord: why may not I,
VVithout prophanneſſe, as a Poet, crie
Haile *Mary* full of Honours, to my Queene,
The Mother of our Prince? when was there ſeene
(Except the ioy that the firſt *Mary* brought,
VVhereby the ſafety of the world was wrought)
So generall a gladneſſe to an Iſle,
To make the hearts of a whole Nation ſmile,
As in this Prince? let it be lawfull ſo
To compare ſmall with great, as ſtill we owe
Our thankes to God: then haile to *Mary*, ſpring
Of ſo much health, both to our Land and King.

Ben. Ionſon.

ODE

To himselfe.

I.

COme leave the loathed Stage,
And the more loathsome Age,
Where pride and impudence in faction knit,
Vsurpe the Chaire of wit:
Inditing and arraigning every day,
Something they call a Play.
Let their fastidious vaine
Commission of the braine
Runne on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn,
They were not made for thee, lesse thou for them.

II.

Say that pour'st them wheat,
And they would Akornes eat:
Twere simple fury, still thy selfe to waste
On such as have no taste:
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead:

No give them Graines their fill,
Huskes, Draffe to drinke, and swill:
If they love Lees, and leave the lusty VVine,
Envy them not, their pallat's with the Swine,

III.

No doubt a mouldy Tale,
Like Pericles, and stale
As the Shrives crusts, and nasty as his Fish,
Scraps out of every Dish,
Throwne forth and rak'd into the common Tub,
May keep up the play-Club.
Broomes sweepings doe as well
There, as his Masters meale:
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the Almes-basket of wit.

IV.

And much good do't yee them,
Brave Plush and Velvet men
Can feed on Orts, and safe in your fine cloths,
Dare quit upon your Oathes
The Stagers, and the stage-wrights too, your Peers,
Of stuffing your large Eares,
With rage, fit to make Mickle Socke,
VVrought upon twenty Blocks;

VVhich if they're torne, and foule, and patch'd enough,
The Gamsters share your gilt, and you their stuffe.

V.

Leave things so prostitute,
And take th' Alcaike Lute;
Or thine owne Horace, *or* Anacreons *Lyre;*
VVarme thee by Pindars *fire;*
And though thy Nerves be shrunke, and blood be cold,
Ere yeares have made thee old,
Strike that disdainfull heat
Throughout, to their defeat:
As curious fooles, and envious of thy straine,
May blushing sweare, no Palsie's in thy braine.

VI.

But when they heare thee sing
The glories of thy King;
His zeale to God, and his just awe of men,
They may be blood-strooken, then
Feele such a flesh-quake to possesse their powers,
That no tun'd Harpe like ours,
In sound of Peace or VVarres,
Shall truely hit the Starres:
VVhen they shall read the Acts of Charles *his Reigne,*
And see his Chariot triumph over his VVaine.

BEN: JONSON

The Poet, to the Painter.

VVHy though I seem of a prodigious waste,
I am not so voluminous and vast,
But there are lines wherewith I might b'embrast.

Tis true; as my womb swells, so my back stoops,
And the whole part grows *round*, *deform'd* & *droops*,
But yet the *Tun* at *Heidleberg* had hoops.

You were not ty'd by any Painters Law,
To square my Circle, (I confesse) but draw
My Superficies, that was all you saw.

Which if in compasse of no *Art* it came,
To be discrib'd by a Monogram,
With one great Blot y'had form'd me as I am.

But since you curious were to have it bee
An *Archetipe* for all the World to see,
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O had I now your Manner, Maiesty, Might,
Your power of handling, shadow, aire, & sprite,
How I could draw, and take hold, and delight!

But you are he can Paint, I can but write,
A Poet hath no more than blacke and white,
Ne knowes he flattering Colours, or false Light.

But when of friendship I would draw the face,
A letter'd minde, and a large heart would place,
To all posterity, I would write *Burlase*.

B. Jonson.

Upon my Picture left in *Scotland*.

I *Now thinke Love is rather deafe than blind,*
For else it could not bee
That shee
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my suit behind.
I'me sure my Language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet,
In sentence of as subtle feet,

As hath the wiſeſt he,
That ſits in ſhadow of Apollo's *tree.*

O but my conſcious feares, that ſtie my thoughts between,
Tells me that ſhe hath ſeene
My hundreds of gray haires,
Told ſixe and forty yeares,
Read ſo much waſt, as ſhe could not imbrace
My Mountaine belly, and my Rocky face.
And all theſe through her eyes have ſtopt her eares.

B. Jonſon.

On a Gentlewoman, working by an Houre-Glaſſe.

DOe but conſider this ſmall duſt,
Here running in the Glaſſe,
By *Atomes* mov'd:
VVould you beleeve that it the body was
Of one that lov'd?
And in his Miſtris flames, playing like a Flye,
VVas turned into Cynders by her eye?
Yes; as in life, ſo in their deaths unbleſt:
A Lovers aſhes never can find reſt.

B. I.

To the Ladies of the Court. An Ode.

COme Noble Nymphes, and doe not hide
The ioyes for which you so provide;
If not, to mingle with us men
VVhat doe you here? goe home agen:
Your dressings doe confesse,
By what we see, so curious Arts,
Of Pallas, and Arachnes Arts,
That you could meane no lesse.

VVhy doe you weare the Silke-wormes toyles?
Or glory in the Shell-fish spoyles?
Or strive to shew the graines of Ore,
That you have gathered long before,
VVhereof to make a stocke,
To graft the greene Emrald on,
Or any better water'd Stone,
Or Ruby of the Rocke?

VVhy

Epigrams.

Why doe you ſmell of Ambergreece?
Whereof was formed Neptunes *Neece,*
The Queen of Love, unleſſe you can,
Like Sea-borne Venus, *love a man?*
Try, put your ſelves unto't:
Your lookes, your ſmiles, and thoughts that meet:
Ambroſian *hands, and ſilver feet,*
Doe promiſe you will do't.

B. J:

A Sonnet.

THough I am young, and cannot tell
Either what Death, or Love is well,
Yet I have heard they both beare Darts,
And both doe aime at humane hearts.
And then againe I have beene told,
Love wounds with heat, and death with cold;
So that I feare they doe but bring
Extreams, to touch and meane one thing.

As in a ruine we it call,
One thing to be blowne up and fall,
Or to our end like way may have
By a flaſh of lightning, or a wave:
So Loves inflamed ſhaft, or hand,
Will kill as ſoone as Deaths cold hand:
Except Loves fires the vertue have

To Mr. Jonson.

BEn: the *world* is much in debt, & though it may
Some petty reck'nings to ſmall Poets pay:
Pardon if at thy glories Summe they ſtick,
Being too large for their Arithmaticke.
If they could prize the genius of a Scene,
The learned ſweat that makes a language cleane,
Or underſtand the faith of ancient skill,
Drawn from the *Tragicke*, *Comœcke*, *Lyricke*, quill:
The *Greek* and *Roman* deniſon'd by thee,
And both made richer in thy Poetrie.
This they may know, & knowing this ſtil grudge
That yet they are not fit of thee to iudge.
I propheſie more ſtrength to after time,
Whoſe ioy ſhall call this *Iſle* the Poets clime,
Becauſe 'twas thine, and unto thee return (burn.
The borrowed flames, with which thy Muſe ſhall
Then when the ſtocke of others Fame is ſpent,
Thy Poetry ſhall keepe its owne old rent.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Zouch Townley.

FINIS.

COurteous Reader, some litterall faults are escaped, by oversight of the Corrector to the Presse, which I entreat thee to mend with thy Pen as thou espyest them, which are these.

PAge 1. read might for mght, & least for lesse. P. 4. r. *Tristrams* for *Tristeams*. P. 5. r. who for when. P. 7. r. houses for horses. P. 16. r. hales for hals. P. 19. l. ult. r. Aromaticke for stromaticke.